

DEAD CINCH ON THE LIME LIGHT

WAY TO GLORY OPENED FOR THE MOST HARMLESS CHORUS GIRL.

Correspondence School Will Teach Her How to Beguile the Press Without Hitting a Press Agent and Hit Her Out With a Whole Season's Mishaps or Heroisms.

The glad news is flying from Fourteenth street north that a correspondence school has been opened on the fifth floor of the St. James Building, Broadway, where, upon payment of a \$25 matriculation fee, an actor or actress can be taught how to beguile the press without hitting a press agent and hit her out with a whole season's mishaps or heroisms.

Miss King, who is the president, owner and faculty of the new correspondence school of press agency, was induced to tell all about it yesterday. The school is the result of constant complaints to the effect that no chorus girl on a salary of \$20 a week can afford to pay a press agent \$50 a week without getting herself into other things, and if she has no personal publicity promoter she runs the risk of having her name omitted from a couple of afternoon editions almost every day. A girl can't be expected to write the news about herself as well as make it, especially as she is usually all wrapped up in her art.

Besides, you're not getting much of a press agent at that for \$50 a week and expenses," Miss King says.

"Now the object of this school," Miss King continued, "is to provide full information as to how best to secure for yourself and your art the greatest and most valuable publicity. All I charge for the whole outfit is \$25. Even if a girl can't or don't want to write her own press notices, I'll supply her with matter enough to last her a whole season, if she doesn't repeat a town-little description of her act and stories about herself that the newspapers will jump at. I'll supply her with two different copies of all this dope, because while going from town to town the girl may often strike a place with two newspapers in it. And the local house managers can't always take the time to do up stories for her."

"Now here's a sample description of an act I've written for a vaudeville team," Miss King said, handing over a sheet of typewritten manuscript marked "dead" in the top left corner. "The team can fill in the name of the theatre on the blank line."

Carlin and Otto, the German comedians are coming to the — next week with a new act. They still retain their characters of the wise young German, and the big one with the money and the other with the wicked world. "The Mosquito Trust" is the title of their new offering and the conversation between the promoter who has a corner on mosquitoes and the victim with the pocket cash to float the scheme is extremely funny. They open an office and orders for thousands of the little pests are given in.

Give me 10,000 mosquitoes to keep Jerome away," says one customer over the phone. "Send me a million to drive my city cousins back to town," and so the orders come in over the phone.

The dialogue is bright and original, and the use of the clever mosquito is a new twist. "The Mosquito Trust" is one of the best acts in vaudeville.

The typewritten description of the act for the other dramatic critic of the town is full in hand and says that "the act is an up to date burlesque on the vaudeville stage, and the dialogue is so good in the bright reading matter that when Carlin and Otto hit the Town Hall and have got 'em going all over the burg, the main street grocer up early to read the St. Weekly Banner in front of the kitchen stove on Wednesday morning, will take the rest of the family to read them."

"This thing of being on the stage all looks like a dandy," said Bob Carlin of Carlin & Otto, who is playing at the — Theatre this week, "but how about the times when you are booked for a town where the only thing the hotel clerk has to say is 'All full'?" I struck Detroit one time late at night and went around to the Russell House until I was asked for a room. The clerk smiled and said:

"I'll give you the only room in the house," he dipped the pen in the ink so I could register.

"Is it?" I asked. "Any floor you like, top, middle or office." "Don't hand me anything like that, young fellow," I said, beginning to get mad. "I want to sleep on the top floor." "Front! Boy!" said the clerk, but a not in the shoulder and told me the room was on the top floor until morning.

Only a dramatic critic can appreciate what a godsend copy like this is, especially when word reaches him while he is holding a new act in his hands and is something bright to fill up the bare corners of a column. The dramatic critic, however, got sore and took his ad out of the St. Weekly Banner. The dramatic critic, however, got sore and took his ad out of the St. Weekly Banner.

"The old man had an motto: 'Nothin' for nothin', and he lived up to it. The village gossip had been forbidden to warn them around the office stove and there was no chance for the casual loafer to get anything. There wasn't even a free seat in the hotel office."

"One day the old man observed one of the most troublesome hangers-on gazing at the beautiful clock. The next morning up went a sign reading: 'This clock for the benefit of the guests only. Can you beat it?'"

These are samples of how the school will keep one chronically famous while making a continuous run through the tail end of the town. "No Coast." But a girl who is too busy turning on away night after night on Broadway to write her own ad will be supplied with literature like this at a extra charge.

"All this talk about a Parisian theatre hat that can be worn during the play is nonsense," said Oriska Worden, who has just returned from Paris.

"You see these cute little lids consist of the roses and a bunch of aigrettes draped around your face, and when you have your hair dressed, the dozen or more little curls and puffs that all the girls wearing this season are carefully pinned to the sides of the hat to make it look as though it were nestling in my lady's hair."

"Well, one evening I started for the Folies Bergeres dressed to kill and capped with a gorgeous hairpiece described. The curtain had barely gone up when the usher stepped on my head and told me the man back of me could not see, so to please remove my hat. I said it wasn't a hat, but a hairpiece. Back he came and said, 'Off with it! I wanted to see the next act, so of course, curls, puffs and the whole outfit, which had been the pride of my life. Of course I got a laugh. Why not? But never again will it be on my head and not in my hat box.'"

"There's my name in full," said Miss King as she handed out one of her booklets.

OTA BENGAL WILL REMAIN HERE

WON'T RETURN TO THE CONGO UNTIL HE'S A MISSIONARY.

Pygmy Who Was Taken From Work at Bronx Zoo Rejects Offer of Prof. Verner to See Him Home—Is Learning English and Getting Religion in Asylum.

Ota Benga, the Congo pygmy, who has been leading the simple life in the Howard Colored Orphan Asylum at 1550 Dean street, Brooklyn, since he was rescued from the monkey house in the Bronx Zoo last September by the combined efforts of the negro clergymen of Greater New York, had a chance to go back to the jungle yesterday with his discoverer, Prof. S. P. Verner, who didn't care to renew his acquaintance with the simian residents of central Africa, so the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which carried the members of the Congo expedition, pulled out yesterday without him.

Prof. Verner had an encounter with the Bashile tribe in central Africa several years ago and rescued Ota Benga, who was being held as a captive. Ota Benga was deeply attached to Prof. Verner, and when he brought a cluster of pygmies over to the St. Louis exposition Ota was one of them. They all took a liking to this country, but Prof. Verner had agreed to take them back to the Congo safe and sound and he carried out his agreement.

When Prof. Verner came over here last summer with two valuable chimpanzees for the Bronx Zoo, Ota Benga drifted along with his custodian. Ota Benga has just come over to Dr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the Zoo, in prime condition, and made such a hit with the director that he was engaged as assistant keeper of the monkeys. In a little while Ota, who is of a sensitive nature, discovered that because he wasn't a member of the Monkey Keeper's Union, local No. 1, he was being treated as an outcast.

These cards announced that at a certain hour every day Ota Benga would appear in the monkey cage and amuse the ladies and children. When an English speaking monk told Ota that the other keepers were making a bad thing of him, Ota was so warm about the Zoo that Director Hornaday gladly gave him his discharge papers after the negro clergymen offered to take him home.

When Prof. Verner was making his plans for his present trip to the Congo, he went over to Brooklyn and consulted Ota about his future. Prof. Verner, who is a very personable to converse freely with Benga, told him frankly that if he stayed in this country and went to college he might grow up to be a great man like Washington (Booker), after which he could go back to the Congo Free State and make a great hit as the Father of His Country. If he went back to the Congo, he would have to drop what little English he already knows, would settle down with a couple of dozen natives, and be perfectly contented with his lot.

The pygmy, who may have felt that Prof. Verner hadn't quite done a square thing by him, the Bronx Zoo, and he would think it over. While he was trying to decide, the Rev. Mr. Gordon, superintendent of the orphanage, told Ota Benga that he was a good boy and had been taught to say "I love God," as though he really meant it, suggested to a number of clergymen that the pygmy was cut out for a missionary. The result was that another half hour was added to his daily English lesson, and in a few days, with the assistance of the clergymen, he was able to say "I love God" in English vocabulary, he forgot all about the Congo.

Ota didn't know at first whether he was to be sent to the Congo or not. He seems to have decided that he would like to stay in this country. The white men come. They say, "Look up to heaven. While we are looking up to heaven they steal all the goods."

When it was explained that he wouldn't have to be that kind of a missionary, Ota consented to start training. Superintendent of the orphanage, Mr. Gordon said yesterday that the Baptist Ministers' Association of New York intends to send Ota Benga to the Congo as a missionary. Ota Benga was so glad to hear of a good home on the English language. He thinks it will take about eight years to make a good missionary out of Ota Benga.

Ota is making a hit with the orphanage folks by his exemplary conduct. They say he is easier to manage than a native Congo. Many persons who have worked with him in the past have said that he is a good boy and has been a great help to them. He is a good boy and has been a great help to them.

White man no good. While the pygmy has great delight in playing football and other outdoor sports he takes little interest in the indoor amusements, and the African games are disapproved of by him. He is a good boy and has been a great help to them.

The orphanage recently purchased 100 acres of land at Bay Side, L. I., where an industrial farm, modelled on the Tuskegee institution, is to be started. It was planned at first to send Ota out there as head farmer. Finally when the clergymen decided to send him to the Congo, he was sent to the Congo.

Next week's operas. Signor Caruso will sing four times next week at the Metropolitan Opera House. Beginning on Monday, when he will appear in "Pagliacci" with Mme. Allen and MM. Scotti and Muhmann. He will appear as Rinaldo with MM. Scotti and Plançon and Mmes. Eames and Homer. On Friday he will sing in "La Bohème" with Mmes. Farrar and Allen and MM. Scotti, Journet and Dufrech. At the Saturday matinee he will sing in "Madama Butterfly" with Mmes. Farrar and Homer and MM. Struoch and Caruso. He will also sing at the Saturday evening performance with Mmes. Eames and MM. Dippel and Scotti.

At the Manhattan Opera House the opening of the season will be marked by the operas of "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro" by Mmes. Melba and Trentini and MM. Bondi, Sammarco, Gilbert and Arimondi. "Fra Diavolo" will be repeated on Wednesday with the regular cast, while "Marta" will be sung for the first time Friday by Mmes. Donalds and De Gennaro and MM. Bondi and Arimondi. On Saturday the Saturday matinee, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" will be sung by the regular cast, while in the evening "Carmen" will be given with popular prices and the customary distribution of characters.

Before Mrs. Cavalleri sailed yesterday morning she signed her contract to return to the Metropolitan Opera House for another season. She will appear in the roles in which she was heard this year and will also sing in "Adriano Lecocq" which was to be sung this season but was postponed on account of the fact that Mme. Cavalleri was under contract to return to Russia this month. She will make her first appearance in that opera next year.

A slight fire in the Huron's Hotel. A slight fire was discovered in a bale of waste in the hole of the Clyde Hotel Huron early last night by a stoker. An alarm of fire was sent in, but before the firemen arrived the crew had extinguished the flames with their own apparatus.

There's my name in full, said Miss King as she handed out one of her booklets.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Gov. Hughes is probably the most "alumni'd" Executive that ever headed the State Government. Attending the Cornell dinner the other night he was hailed as a son of the Ithaca institution, and only a week or so before the Brown alumni had claimed him for their own. But the Governor, if he has any desire to qualify further, may draw in on the Cornell and leave the Columbia alumni when they dine. He started his college career at Colgate, stayed two years and then went to Brown. He studied law at Columbia and became a Cornell man by occupying a lecture chair there for two years.

"The women I envy most are those who have relatives in the Philippines," said the pretty girl. "You can pick them out in every large crowd. They have such pretty Oriental things to wear. I know lots of women who, having hitherto suffered of envy at the sight of imported goods worn by their friends, can now have revenge by flaunting South Sea Island silks and linens of unique design. These European importations no longer are a thing of texture and finish go, but they have a tone of their own, and women who can boast several such gowns and waists are in great luck."

"I wonder what Henry Ward Beecher would say," remarked an old time Brooklynite, "if he were to come to life and see revival services for Lynchism. Church advertised with the same prominence as vaudeville performances. It certainly surprised me when the trolley cars blossomed out with cards in poster type announcing the meetings to be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Beecher. I am sure, especially startling, since the style of the theatrical cards is followed and they enjoy equal prominence on the dashboard."

In the window of a Fifth Avenue florist's shop is a sylvan scene that attracts all day a crowd of spectators who would not ordinarily be supposed to find interest in anything of the kind. The crowd that is always passing the place is drawn to the window by the sight of a miniature farm. The most that serves for grass there are all kinds of domestic animals. There is a fountain no larger than a penknife and a pond of almost microscopic dimensions. The water keeps the mill wheel revolving and the fountain plays a constant trick of giving the scene a new activity. Such views are rare on Fifth Avenue, but they are undoubtedly appreciated.

The poet of the police department has composed the following, which he calls the cop's lullaby:

Hear, see and say nothing. Hear, see and say nothing.

It is doubtful if any amusement enterprise in the world ever involved the same outlay that is annually met at the Metropolitan Opera House. The weekly expenses of the establishment—including the singers, musicians and all those who take part in the performances and the administration of the house—amount to more than \$60,000. At that rate a season of some twenty weeks means a large outlay, and it is credible to New York's liberal support of opera that there is yearly a large profit. Only such unforeseen incidents as the San Francisco earthquake serve to prevent a large profit on this outlay every year.

"There's no telling anything about people in New York," sighed the little Canadian woman, looking puzzled. "When we came here in October and took our little flat I was much interested in the marketing and sought out the biggest and best looking shops. On the corner of our street is a shabby little grocery and candy store, kept by a miserable looking hunchback. He is the only one who ever looks at me. I always tucked under his apron, as if they never were warm. One evening my husband noticed him and suggested my buying some articles in there occasionally, just to help the poor fellow along. I did, and listened to many a complaint about hard times, and how the little dealers were being run out of business. I thought I would take about eight years to make a good missionary out of Ota Benga."

An enterprising young woman out Bay Ridge way, Brooklyn, has opened up a new line of work for the gentler sex. Her card reads, "Solicitor for Dr. —, oculist." She goes from house to house and with a law and sister, Mrs. —, who is a member of the family has some affliction of the eyes. A little talking does the rest, the oculist's card is presented and the solicitor goes away with a check for the fee. The case results in an order for glasses.

WENDEL TRIAL OFF AGAIN.

Postponed to Friday After Gens. Roe and Henry Keary.

Another kick in the course of the Wendel case was given yesterday when Judge Rosalsky, after a chat with Major-Gen. Roe and Adjutant-Gen. Henry of the State National Guard, put the trial over to next Friday. The case was to have come up for trial to-day. Capt. Louis Wendel of the First Battery has been indicted for grand larceny and the making of false reports as to expenditures for military duty. The case is a complicated one and Judge Rosalsky has decided to postpone the trial until he has had time to study the case.

The new book by Carl Ewald, the author of "My Little Boy" and "Two Legs," to be published this spring, is made up of short stories, all dealing with natural history themes treated in imaginative and poetic style to compel the interest of children and entertain older readers as well. This method of nature story is original with Mr. Ewald and has been happily illustrated in his former books. The new stories, which will include "Aunt Elder Duck," "The Weeds," "The Queen Bee" and others, has been translated from the Danish by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

The last two volumes of the Virge edition of "Don Quixote" will be ready in the spring. The preparation of this edition, which is sold only by subscription, has taken some years in preparation and great effort and expense have been devoted to making these books worthy to take their place among the famous editions of the world.

The two most popular English books in Russia at the present day, according to the Daily Mail, are Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."

M. Paul Bourget has just finished a new novel called "L'Emigre," which will appear soon in the Revue des Deux Mondes and will be published later in book form.

Mr. Maeterlinck will publish this month through M. Fasquelle "L'Intelligence des Bêtes et Autres Essais." His fairy play, "L'Oiseau Bleu," which will be performed next season in New York and in Moscow, will be published at the same time in English and Russian. The author is at present working on a play founded on an episode of the French Revolution.

Readers of "The Grey World," which differentiated its author, Evelyn Underhill, from writers of the obvious and commonplace, will be interested in her new book, "The Lost Word." Architectural beauty is chosen as the visible symbol of a higher mode of being and the book is a suggestive excursion into realms of future possibilities. The boy hero, born in the precincts of an ancient cathedral, has an instinctive passion for old and stately buildings, which at times so overcomes him that his bodily

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

E. Temple Thurston's new novel, "The Evolution of Katherine," is a character study of a woman who thinks she has a fatal disease and who shapes her life according to that idea. The publication of this novel, which will soon be brought out here, is of interest for two reasons. Mr. Thurston is an English writer who has attracted much attention on both sides of the Atlantic by his vigorous and daring stories, and he is also the husband of Katherine Cecil Thurston, the author of one of the remarkable novels of the day, "The Masqueraders." She and Mr. Thurston were married in 1901, and their home is in Kensington, London. Mr. Thurston's book will be published about the middle of the month.

Prince Kropotkin's "The Conquest of Bread," which is to be brought out soon in translation in this country, aims first of all to demonstrate that, despite setbacks and failures, communism and socialism are ideas have been approaching nearer to practical realization. After this the book proceeds to the exposition of the communism, for which the author stands—a communism embodying a strain of anarchy and, of course, many of the theories of orthodox socialism. Prince Kropotkin has been called an impracticable idealist, but he faces practical problems in the new book concerning the ways and means by which society may adjust itself to new social arrangements. Eloquent ladies with socialist tendencies who fear that under a communist régime they may be obliged to wash the dishes and fastidious gentlemen who are concerned lest they be obliged to black their own boots will find practical consolation in Prince Kropotkin's book.

The first medal which the Camp Fire Club has given in honor of an outdoor book was presented to W. T. Hornaday, the director of the New York Zoological Park for his book "New Fires in the Canadian Rockies." Ernest Thompson Seton presented the medal. Since his return from the trip described in the book Dr. Hornaday and Mr. Phillips, who took the mountain goat photographs which illustrate the narrative, have been making efforts to induce British Columbia to set aside their late hunting ground as a permanent game and forest preserve.

New issues of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" and "The Belated Vagabond," by W. J. Locke, have been put to press. "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" in dramatic form is having a successful run and will be brought out on the New York stage in the early autumn. The "Vagabond" is winning friends among critical and discriminating readers both here and in England. Mr. Locke, the author, is a quiet, conventional gentleman, a graduate of St. John's College with special honors in mathematics and the secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. His delight in irresponsible Bohemianism he evidently gratifies vicariously by writing of the adventures of lovable vagabonds, to the great gain of his readers. Mr. Locke's fiction numbers ten volumes and is more excellent in characterization and humorous philosophy than in plot or construction.

"Napoleon as Reader: His Favorite Authors and Books He Liked" is the subject of an interesting article in the London Book Monthly which treats of the books that moulded the mind of the youthful Bonaparte, the books he bought by strict economy in his sub-Lieutenant days and studied in his tiny chamber, of which his books were the sole ornament, of the volumes he carried with him on his arduous campaigns and the authors who were his solace in his island prison. Ossian and Plutarch were his inseparable companions all through his life. The Bible, the Koran, Ossian's poems, Corneille's four great tragedies, Racine's works and some volumes of Voltaire and Rousseau were included in his travelling library. During the last days he reread his well beloved classics and numerous historical works. "The Arabian Nights" entertained him and he studied some Shakespeare. On April 20, 1821, he read the "Death of Caesar."

Harold Bindloss, the author of "The Dust of Conflict," a new novel soon to be published in which the Cuban war and the destruction of the Maine are dramatic features of the plot, is an Englishman who lives a quiet country life at Great Corby, Carlisle. His diversions from literary work consist of bicycling, boat building and gardening. His books are stirring and dramatic and are of the widest part of western America and British Columbia as well as other regions remote from England. Mr. Bindloss spent several years at sea and in various colonies and settled down in England some ten years ago to become a contributor to the magazines and a writer of books dealing with colonial life, including "The Cattle Barons' Daughter," "The Concession Hunters," "A Sower of Wheat" and "Misty Seas."

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"His art improves with each story."—N. Y. Tribune.

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form fades away and he finds himself wandering "elsewhere" in the company of the famous builders of ancient times.

Interesting data gathered by the Publishers' Circular show that during the last year seven new works of fiction have on an average appeared every week and two new editions. There has been a decrease in biography, history, belles-lettres, theology, books on art and science, travel and books on the past and antiquities. He is an expert on rowing and a devoted reader of the essays of Richard Steele. When he chose his pseudonym he evidently adopted the name of the essayist for a Christian name and chose as a surname the first four letters of the word reader.

The real name of the Australian writer who signs himself "Steele Rudd" is Mr. A. H. Davis, and he lives in Queensland, where he has founded Steele Rudd's Magazine. He is an expert on rowing and a devoted reader of the essays of Richard Steele. When he chose his pseudonym he evidently adopted the name of the essayist for a Christian name and chose as a surname the first four letters of the word reader.

Mme. Blanc-Bentzon, who died last month, is best known by her contributions to the Revue Politiq and Littéraire and the Revue des Deux Mondes. Her first novel appeared in 1868 and she has been writing stories ever since with so much success that recently her literary work was officially recognized by the French Government.

Two booklets of "Democratic Sonnets," by Mr. William Michael Rossetti, have appeared in England as the first instalment of "The Contemporary Poets Series." These fifty sonnets were written about 1881, but only three of them have been printed before, and they were regarded as too outspoken for the time. The series, which is being produced under the editorship of Mr. F. M. Hueffer, will contain among its early volumes "Selected Orders and Other Poems," by W. H. Pollard; "The Soul's Destroyer," by Mr. W. H. Davies; and "Repose and Other Verses," by J. Marjoram.

"Fanshawe of the Fifth," by Ashton Hilliers, "Being the Memoirs of a Person of Quality," is an old fashioned novel displaying life on a broad canvas crowded with picturesque details. The hero, a younger son, is forced to resign from his regiment through a youthful escapade, and then on his own resources, starts out on his adventure, which take him to every part of England and give him an opportunity to observe life at close quarters among the middle and lower classes in England at the opening of the nineteenth century.

The new novel by Arthur Hornblow, author of "The Lion and the Mouse," will be published late in March under the title of "The End of the Game." A key to the significance of the title and an idea of the substance of the story, which is a tale of modern business life, may be found in the quotation on the first page: "As in a game of cards, so in the game of life. We must play well what is dealt to us."

The Oxford University Press will soon publish "Selections from Dr. Johnson's 'Rambler,'" edited with preface and notes by W. H. White. The object of the publication is not so much to give specimens of felicitous expressions as to show what Johnson thought. According to the editor there is much in Johnson which is not revealed in his conversation, and he is but partially understood by those who know him through Boswell alone, the "Life" having obscured the merits of Johnson's own works.

The rare first issue of Champlain's first narrative of his first voyage to America—"Des Sauvages, ou, Voyage de Samuel Champlain de Brograve, fait en la France nouvelle l'an mil six cents treize," was sold at auction recently for \$2,000. The book was printed by order of Champlain upon his return from his first voyage, and was published in 1603 and dedicated to Charles de Montmorency. It was picked up in Paris about six months ago for some twenty centimes by a book lover who found it among a lot of cheap books on a street book stall.

W. R. Paterson (better known as the novelist Benjamin Swift) is about to publish a series of studies in history to be entitled "The Nemesis of Nations." He believes that he has collected therein facts which not only illuminate dark ages but display modern problems in their ancient form.

Edwin Aas Dix, the author of "Deacon Bradbury," has a new novel ready for spring

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The Kiesel Quartet Concert. The fifth concert of the Kiesel Quartet to take place last night at the Knickerbocker Hall. The program consisted of Beethoven's F flat quartet, opus 127, a trio by the same composer, and Haydn's G major quartet. The pianist was Ossip Gabrilovich. The audience occupied every seat in the house.

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